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thers due after the first insurtion.

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IT SEEMS BUT A DAY.

BY ORANT P. ROBINSON.

It seems but a day since we were both boys, Full of fancies and frolic, and nonsonse and noise— Since we relled up our trousers and waded the

It seems but a day since our dear mother left For the land of the deal and the realms of the blest; Yet full twenty years have swept fleetingly by, And you and I, brother, are ready to die.

It seems but a day since our good Father died, Who never a hoon, that we needed, denied— Since we placed him beside her and turned from the nd in silence went back to our desolate cot

t seems but a day since we wandered away from the home of our boyhood and frolic and play, With hopes high and ardent went into the strife, For fortune and fame in the battle of tife.

Thy memories, Oh Time, are sacred and sweet As the deep-felt emotions when absent friends meet, And as buckward we look e'er life's wearisome way We think of long years though they seem but a day.

THE IRON CROSS.

A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

A little faded minature of a young girl in all her freshness. I can scarcely believe that I ever looked like this—I, an old, sad wowait a lifetime for you.

and I was raised in the lap of luxury. He died when I was ten years old, and most needed his care. I wish he had lived. He ght have made me a better woman, and the ctory of my life might have been differmy mother. She was not fit for the charge confided to her. She was weak and giddy, and she reared me in her notions of fashion and folly. I do not blame her that makes and was greatly admired. You would not now, I am weak and nervous. and the persistency with which my mother clung to her accustomed mode of life made fearful inroads upon the rest. A few years at the farthest would exhaust it. I spoke of this to my mother, and she acknowledged it, but declared her mability to help it. In that time I had conquered my heart.

Among you friends. I suffered intensely, and my self-hatred became almost unendurable; but still I grew firmer in my resolution. That outburst enabled me to go through the rest with more calmness. It was dark when I went back home, and by that time I had conquered my heart.

Among you friends. I suffered intensely, and in would have received it from him.

"Keep it, "I gasped; keep it, for you are worthy to wear it. I dare not take it." My heart seemed bursting, and I wildly cried, "O, Walter, pity me! my heart is breaking!"

He sprang forward and clasped me in his arms. He held me so close that I could not less than a year she died; and oh, such a fearful death! I shudder when I think of I had known from my childhood. He was

the doom of poverty which I saw hanging over me. I had not the moral courage to face it, and I resolved to fly from it; but I little dreamed of the struggle that was in store for me.

was named Walter Gwynne, and was the son of a neighbor. Walter and I had been playmates and schoolmates together. He had carried me in his arms often, and used "By Heaven!" he shouted fiercely, "I will not part with you. Look at those waves.— Who is to hinder me from hurling you into them, and saving you from a life of infamy? had carried me in his arms often, and used to call me his pet. As we grew up our childish affection strengthened, and when we became man and woman we loved each other with a love that could not die. We were never pledged to each other, but I knew his heart and he knew mine. When my mother lied Walter was very good to me. O, never had I loved him so well as I did then! In my gratitude I gave him a relic that had belonged to my father, and begged him to keep it for my sake. It was a small, curiously worked cross of iron, and bore this inscription in German, "I gave gold for iron, 1813." It was one of the famous iron crosses that were bestowed by the thy hands and I gave it to Walter, as he was the only one I knew who merited it; but I did not think then that my hand would indeed lay upon him a cross of iron never to be laid down.

I resolved to end this trial. I sent for Mr. Grey and gave him my answer to his with only two words—"Foreive me."

I resolved to end this trial. I sent for Walter again. In the morning I received a words—"Foreive me."

mourned for her sincerely; but this was not my greatest sorrow. A heavier grief came upon me one for which I alone was responmoved beyond my control.

I promised to be his wife. When he and in the evening I heard that he had gone away from the village.

In a month after this I was married. I had leaved by that time to make the sorrow. pon me one for which I alone was respon-ible, it is true, but which was none the

look there, knew what he wished to say. I grew pale and faint.

"No, Walter, no," I gasped. "Don't say it."

"I must say it, Nellie," he went on, "and you must listen to me. Ever since we were children I have loved you, and have looked to the day when I should claim you as my wife. Now that you are alone in the world, I think I have a right to urge my claim.

"I have feared this for some time Nellie. I don't blame you, but I doubt the wisdom of your choosing so old a man."

"Of course you do; it is natural that you should." I spoke sharply, and even rudely, but it was a relief to the pain that was gnawing at my heart.

"He rose from his feet quickly, walked a few pages from me and then came had."

The rose from his feet quickly, walked a few pages from me and then came had.

The rose from have loved the first chance of escape.

We left the house one dark, stormy night, and entering a close carriage, set off at full speed for the railway station. The horses took fright and run away. I sat in the car-I think I have a right to urge my claim.
You know I love you, and I have believed that you love me. You know my prospects as well as I do, and that I have a hard strug"O, my God!" I groaned inv gle before me, but with your encouragement and love, I think I can come out of the con-

I had sunk down on a rock, for I could go no further. My limbs refused to sustain me; I now took refuge in anger. and it seemed that my heart would break. I "You have no right to ask covered my face with my hands, and strove fiercely to control my emotions. All my love for Walter rushed upon me in a strong and mighty torrent, which well nigh swept away the barriers of my sinful resolution.

I replied, quickly.

"I have a right to ask it. I will tell you why. It is because you have deceived me, and wrung my heart until it is almost broad was told that it was the body of a man who had been run over and almost killed when the carriage upset. Involuntarily I sprang to make the replied, quickly.

As I was moving away, I saw them take a human form from under the wheels, and was told that it was the body of a man who had been run over and almost killed when the carriage upset. Involuntarily I sprang the forward and saw in the flickering lamplight. and mighty torrent, which well nigh swept away the barriers of my sinful resolution. How grand and noble he looked as he laid his heart before me in all its simple truthfulness, and how false and foul I was, as I shrank before his avowal, in my criminal weakness! I wish I had died then; it would have been better for me. I said nothing, for I could not trust my voice, and

Walter spoke again. "I want you to decide with a view to your own happiness. If you do not love me mough to be my wife, you might learn to do "You shall answer me!" he broke forth, own happiness. If you do not love me enough to be my wife, you might learn to do so. But if it will make you happier to reject me, do not hesitate to do so.

"Happier?" I asked bitterly. He had been gazing out upon the sea, and turned sudden'y at the sound of my voice. It was so full of bitterness that it startled

even him. "Are you sick, Nellie?" he asked, anx-' I answered with forced calmness only I cannot talk to you about this now, Walter. I cannot now. At some other

"I have been too hasty," he said tenderly. Poor child, your grief has not grown calm enough for you to think of anything but your mother. I can wait, Nellie. I could

the places I have known shall know me no it was with difficulty that I repressed a sigh love you better than I whispered—better even than my life itself; but if it whispered—word yet I, even I, was young and of anguish. My heart was wrung with a world seeme your happiness. I would see "Will you kiss me, Nellie? There will be evely once. Ah me! how long it seems! terrible torture, and I felt that I could ennger than to most women, for dure Walter's presence no longer. I wanted light fell upon me soon, and I count to be alone. I asked him to go back by I was born by the seashore, that same alone. He seemed surprised at first, but himself and leave me, as I wanted to be relasting flood upon whose water's roar I when I repeated my request, he turned to go ten as I write. My father was wealthy, away. I sprang up and caught his hand.

> "If anything should happen to give you cause to hate me, would you do so?" "Hate you, Nellie? I do not think I could

has been so sad, for it was in my power to change it, but I would not. I grew up a beautiful, fascinating, fashionable woman, "Nothing," I replied. "Go, leave me

think it, I know, to look at me now; but it | He turned off with a sigh, and as he went is so. When I was grown, I made the discovery that my father's luxurious style of living had greatly diminished his fortune,

it, though it was years ago, and I seem to hear her last words to me even yet—"Nellie, never marry a poor man. Make a rich match."

fifty, at least, and I was just twenty-one. I received a visit from him a few days after my interview with Walter, and before he left he made me an offer of his hand. He It needed not my mother's wish to confirm | told me he had loved me for a long time, but me in my desire to contract a rich marriage, had feared to speak before, as he was much for I had determined to adopt the plan as the older; that he feared I could not love him; not do this. You love me—I know you love the only means by which I could escape from but now that I was alone in the world, he me, as truly as I love you; and yet you would

store for me.

When I was a child my only playmate was a boy a few years older than myself. He as long a period as I desired.

"Release me, ed coldly, "you

mous iron crosses that were bestowed by the King of Prussia in the waragainst Napoleon, how much suffering those interviews cost me. and had been conferred for merit on my I would have given my life to have knelt at dfather. It had never been in unwor- his feet and laid my heart bare before him,

I was deeply attached to my mother, and suit. I promised to be his wife. When he note with only two words-"Forgive me;

alone to the rocks near the sea-shore, where | and I did not falter as I repeated the awful asier to bear on that account.

I had resolved on marrying a rich man, as to word for tune would not last much longer to the rocks near the sea-shore, where a long time, looking out on the waves which words in which I vowed to love my husband. I had been so often with Walter. I sat for a long time, looking out on the waves which words in which I vowed to love my husband. I had been so often with Walter as I repeated the award words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned the strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed a long time, looking out on the waves which words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned the strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed a long time, looking out on the waves which words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned the strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed a long time, looking out on the waves which there wup his hands, pretending fright, and there strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed at long time, looking out on the waves which words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned the strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed at long that words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned the strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed at long that words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned the strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed at long that words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned the strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed at long that words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned the strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed at the strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed at the strong game. She'd snatch an onion so words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I learned the strong game. She'd snatch an onion so words in which I vowed to love my husband. A few weeks after my marriage I

few paces from me, and then came back. "That was unkind, Nellie," he said. "But "O, my God!" I groaned involuntarily.

That question from you?"
He came and stood directly ever me, and test with success. Will you be my wife, looking at me sternly, asked fiercely-

"Tell me, do you love that old man?"
I had unconsciously betrayed myself, and "You have no right to ask that question,

fears are confirmed; because you are about forward, and saw in the flickering lamplight to trample upon my heart as well as your own; all for the sake of an old man's gold. I did not faint or cry out, but sustained by a have a right to ask this question, and to superhuman energy, followed the men with demand an answer."

he had spoken to me as no one had ever done before, and I did not pause to think of the provocation I had given him.

Ced the injuries mortal. He said that Walter would die during the night.

At my request, all but the physician and

"This is worthy of you," I exclaimed,

a lucky escape from marrying you."

He stood before me silently, with his head bowed. He pointed to the rock and motioned that I should sit down; but I refused.

"Nellie," he said, slowly, and the suffering in his tones pierced my heart. "I ask your pardon for my rudeness. When you were a little child. I used to carry you in my arms.

I staved by him during the sad night. I right to carry you over the rugged road not bear to embitter his last moments with along which we must all make our life-jour- such a confission. I ever looked like this—I, an old, sad woman, who looks longingly to the time when
the places I have known shall know me no
it was with difficulty that I repressed a sigh that love change to a life-long sorrow, and no sin in it. I am so near Heaven that there

answered sneeringly-

"I speak the truth. I could not lie to passeth all understanding. you here, Nellie, with God overhead, and His voice speaking to me in the booming of ever, and I hope you will believe me.'

speak, but I said nothing, and he went on, this time looking at me steadily. "I am sorry you think so poorly of me. Since it is the case, however, I ought to re-turn you this. When you gave it to me, you said it was meant to be worn only by

He held out to me the iron cross, and his hand trembled as he did so. I could not

arms. He held me so close that I could not move, and I felt his heart beating fiercely against mine. I lay passive for a moment, dear arms, where I knew I could never be held again. I felt his hot tears falling fast

upon my cheek.
"O, Nellie, Nellie," he sobbed, "you cannot do this. You love me—I know you love

"Release me, Walter Gwynne," I exclaim-

ed coldly, "you have no right to act so."

hesitatingly. "Poor boy," I said calmly, "he has just made me an offer of his hand, and his disappointment made him forget what was due to

One afternoon, about sunset, I went out had learned by that time to rule my heart,

him I did not know; that my future was most upright men in the place. Why do cared for nothing. My husband's love was Brick" Pomeroy and the Dea- py old deacon and his bald head, and as I got How the Republican Party is . still shrouded in mystery and doubt.

"I have thought of this a great deal, Nellie," he said, earnestly, "and I do not think I shall do wrong to speak to you as I wish."

I glanced up at his face, and, as I saw the look there, knew what he wished to say. I great new think I shall do wrong to speak to you as I wish."

I glanced up at his face, and, as I saw the look there, knew what he wished to say. I great new in the place. Why do not see the following. In found it more difficult to bear. At last there came one who, though nominally my husband's fixed not like an aspen; my secret fully, and humbled me with it. I was mad—I was desperate. My husband's false friend watched me closely, attended me like my shadow, and at last asked me to fly torture to me, and every day 1 found it more

> speed for the railway station. The horses took fright and ran away. I sat in the carriage, dumb with terror, and almost unconscious of everything until a sudden crash startled me, and I found myself buried in one corner of the vehicle, which fell heavily on one side. In an instant my companion was out of the carriage, so that when the people collected around it no one knew he had occupied it with me. They helped me to alight, and congratulated me on my for-

their burden to a room in the tavern near by. I rose to my feet. I was angry now, for A physician was summoned and he pronoun

myself were excluded from the room. I never left it until Walter lay in it a corpse. In about an hour he recovered his consciousness. The doctor told him he must scornfully. "You can insult me here where die, and asked if he was prepared. A soft I have no protector. I think I shall make sweet smile lit up the dear face as he an-

little child, I used to carry you in my arms over all the rough places in my way to the school; and even then I used to look forward to the time when I should have the him my shameful attempt at flight. I could

will be no taint of earth in it." God knows what demon prompted me, but I bent down and kissed him, and my tears rained upon his face. His hand released its "So it would seem." grasp; and his eyes closed gently; then there came into his face a look of happiness and

In a few years my husband died, blessing the waves. 1 feel that I have lost you for-ever, and I hope you will believe me." me for having been a true and faithful wife. He never knew how I deceived and wronged He paused, and seemed waiting for me to him, and I am thankful he did not. would have darkened his last hours with a

sorrow which his trust in me spared him. shall follow them. I have sinnned but I have suffered and repented. I have sought mercy and forgiveness at the foot of the cross, and good and worthy men. I ought not to keep | wait humbly for the day when the heavy laden shall travel no more, and the weary be

A Snake Adventure.

A correspondent of the Eitenhage Times, writing from the Winterhock, says: "An extraordinary snake affair occurred in this neighborhood, a few Sundays ago. A large snake of the Cobra tribe, about four feet six inches long, got, unseen, into a farmer's house, it is supposed, on Saturday afternoon, and concealed itself under an harmonium. On the Sunday afternoon, the children being at school, the farmer and his wife were quietly reading, the wife sitting in front of the window. The snake quietly crawled out, got, unperceived, under the good lady's crinoline, and twisted himself around her leg, from the ankle to the knee, which position it kept for upwards of an hour. The farmer's wife, thinking it her favorite kitten, took no notice of it, until at length, wishing to eject the intruder, she slightly raised her dress for that purpose.

"Judge of her surprise on finding so deadly a creature twisted around her leg. She sat perfectly still, not even looking at her husband, lest he should disturb the reptile. At she softly withdrew her foot, made one bound across the room, and called her husband's attention to the cause of the disturbance .-The savage creature now charged the wife and was only kept off by the husband with his Sunday coat. It soon retreated and got under a footstool, putting out its head as if to threaten death to any one who should approach it. A stick was brought to the farmer, who struck a terrible blow at its head, but hit the stool, shivering the stick to pieces. This exasperated the creature, and it darted out at the farmer, and again kept at bay by the coat. It at length retreated to the bedroom, where it was killed.

A SMART GIRL. - In Cincinnati there occurred recently a scene at the door of the - Chapel, in which the prime actor came off considerably the worse for wear. A young man, who believed he knew as much as any other man, had been paying his attentions to a young lady, who, among her other attractions, possessed a very luxurant growth of red hair. The-young man could not induce the young lady to think him better the same would read a chapter about the world read a chapter about the world read a chapter about the same would be made glad. I used to make her waist places glad, lots till my arms got so tired I couldn't. Then she'd pillow her head on my manly chest. And pillow my head on her manly chest. And ing his time to get even had arrived, he stationed himself in the aisle near the chapel Her dad was rich.

Deacon Brightwater lived in New Hartford, Nutmeg State. He had a red house, a red horse, a red barn, red fence, a red cow, red window sash, an old fashioned red sleigh, a red smoke house, red hogs little red eyes and a red nose the very picture of a New England puritan. He had a wife who wore a red petticoat and had the readiest tongue a woman ever fired at us. He had some little ready money, got by making sider brandy from sto-len apples and taking toll from the copper spattered contribution saucer he passed in the red church in that settlement of Sunday beans, week day onions and orthodox views.

And he had a female child whose name was Hexa Brightwater, and who was twenty-nine years old; wore red stockings, red garters, metal tiped shoes, green spectacles, faint, but she was intelligent. In fact, inteligence was her best hold, but one; she was great on making baby garments and had two trunks full packed away' that she might be ready as willing when the evil hour drew ready as willing when the evil hour drew nigh, as she trusted it would from year to

My father was a common sort of a rooster, and lived outside of the drippings of New son to her. She knew she was smart. She Paris. Here is a table of prices: England blessings. He was taught that in knew all other women were ignorant, for she Number of Price in Price no other place could there be found women | had been taught it. I didn't love her for | of intelligence, and he sent me there to find her hate. She hated everything beyond her a loving lass, to court some intelligent beauty, eyeshot. She hated some parts of New Engto woo some refined nutmeggeress and with | land, not because onions would'nt grow there, her return to my rural home to astonish the but because in some places there were great, barbarians with something beyond the average of female loveliness.

I went to the land of steady habits. I wanted to hand several "Bricks" down to posterity, and was told by father that with a New England girl for a wife I could raise more children, grow more onions, skin more eels, sing mone psalms, know more of what was going on in the neghborhood, hear more scandal sleep less nights, have more relatives, eat

England christian. He crowded nineteen eggs under a fourteen egg hen, always borrowing the five odd eggs! He smelt of peoples' breath to see if they had been drinking liquor, and then made a few stamps by informing of them. He didn't drink him himself' but got his nose tinted by 'holding it so close to the mouths of those who did! He are the well for fear of trespassing. And when I wanted to run and expand my lungs, I was plum against a stone fence in less than a minute. If I kissed Aexa on the Sabbath I was fined for it. I was forced to drink cider brandy or nothing. And I was fed on onions till I sickened of them. Only the forming of them are the means of the mouths of those who did! He to love Heva but soon as she found I was split matches to make them last longer. He'd to love Hexa, but soon as she found I was diverts labor from agriculture, and makes all pick up hens heads to boil them for the fat | betrothed to her she put on airs. She made | the clothing and implements of the farmer thereon. He'd take a claw-hammer when he me hew her wood, draw her water, find her twice as costly as they ought to be. went visiting to draw tacks from carpets when unseen. He made cider brandy and made it buttons, making neck ties and all such little machines, being sole an Amercan invention, on shares. He was always trying to swap hor- jobs. ses, but never could find one that worked well he continued with his eyes fixed on the sea: peace, and I knew it was that peace which on his machiene, but he tried them all till noon and sent them home hungry! He was a careful, prudnt, wholesouled, liberal, spontaneous edition of benevolence, who gave his I had to pay for it from over work. And I food, and thus adding all the profits of the hogs' tails and rams' horns to the poor, and had to work to fix up the little garden patch | business to the aggregate wealth of the Unimade prayers longer than the sweed of his __to repair his old mill that wasn't worth re- ted States. If it were not for the tariff, the cider mill, but like that instrument always pairs. As the old deacon grows old he grows prices of iron and other metals would be

Hexa Brightwater never had a beau till tight she just everlastingly goes for him. I just as certainly as the ocean recovers its lev-I am still watching for the day when I I visited her. She was too intelligent for am the best worker ever on the place-I el after the flow of the tide. the common herd. She knew everything. make the old farm-so called-valuable and She could tell how long a wad of gum would it is for Hexa's interest to keep me. But doubtedly patented in Europe as well as in sphere beings, who could do no wrong; who could not endure those who did.

How I did spark Hexa! Deacon Brightwater heard that I had wealth and he was willing. He'd go to bed early. He'd play snore so Hexa and I would hurry up. Mrs. Deacon Brightwater went to sleep too. She So one night when I mistrusted, I slipped up beside the door and jabbed a wire into the key hole. It was a long wire. I heard somebody squeal inside. The end of the disease. It opened the old lady's eye! The stone on which was

Hic jacket Hexa's Mother, Orphan child without a brother And left I single to go forth ! Tears cannot restore her

Then Hexa and I had it all our way. "Arm me with jealous care!"

I used to arm her, every time! She liked it. Then she would read a chapter about mine was more than hern. But it wan't.

bald headed in two minutes. She never missed a weed. She knew clover from onions just as A lengthy report is to be also presented to Walter Gwynne with my whole heart, be was poor, and I knew would have a struggle in life, and I and not the year of neadment of the seene calmed my was the beginning of my punishment. I was the would have to make the world within in. I hated for my weakness, and would have order to have been his wife; but I have been held to make the vars wisked, I know, but I have been the two world to have been held to make the vars wisked, I know, but I have have been the two princing reinforcements to fen. O'neill, after the beath of the failure of th

wood pile, surrounded by a swarm of admirwood pile, surrounded by a street with the pigger don't beat you and wonder if the nigger don't beat you and

hour came. We settled our marriage matters and I was to have Hexa if I could get her. There was a question about the dowry.

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that the manufacture of one of the most and the prettiest red hair the world ever set eyes on or into. Hexa, a true New England gal, chewed wads of pine gum and sweetend her breath with onions. Hexa wasn't so much handsomer than a doll as to make the doll faint but she was intelligent. In fact, intelligent to get rid of her, but he found her more expensive after death than before. I refused to pay for such nonsense—he found that I

We had a nice time. She was a rapid talk-

er. I was a mere man of mud in compariugly Democrats there, and they kept increasing. But I didn't want a woman to love me

more beans, love myself and hate others more, and get more out of a dollar than with any other sort of a woman in this happy country, socalled.

Deacon Brightwater with his pright red nose, was a cunning man. He was a New England christian. He crowded nineteen eggs under a fourteen egg hen, always bor-

tshould be closed. I used to footfall on the not so smart, to sew on buttons and make drive American mechanics to France and bed room floor. I mistrusted Hexa's mother | neck ties. I'll work on-but keep getting | England too see work and bread. used to watch at the key hole. She could my little duds in shape, and some day be off see where Hexa and I sat to press each oth- in earnest, and let the deacon sing his psalms

Strange Coincidence.

Andrew Jackson was born in North Carogovernment." Andrew Johnson was also born in North Carolina, emigrated to Tennlast it uncoiled itself, and then twisted itself around her foot; the shoe fitted loosely, and New England affection he put up a tomb States. The position are just now wonderfully excercised about his removing men from office who are now opposed to "the gov-ernment." Philadelphia was the only city in the Union whose muncipal authorities re-Therefore I weep!

As I pile sod o'er her
All in a heap.

The deacon grew pale, all except his nose.
That wouldn't pale. It was in better spirits.
The deacon married a nigger lady from the
The deacon married a nigger lady from the latter spirits.
The deacon married a nigger lady from the latter spirits.

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The deacon married a nigger lady from the latter spirits. cotton country and was happier than ever. en masse to welcome Andrew Jackson, and We'd by a decided vote at the polls sternly resit in the parlor, I cross legged, Hexa with one foot under her like a duck. She was contemptible meanness. The people of Philone foot under her like a duck. She was contemptible meanness. The people of Philstrong minded. She wanted heaps of hugging and you bet I was old industry as that come Andrew Johnson, and will administer business. She used to begin our Sunday a similar rebuke to the present muncipal night devotion, so called by singing:

The Fenians.

The address of Gen. Sweeny warning the members of the Fenian Brotherhood against the attempt of the Radicals to secure the 1rish vote, has created considerable excitestill holds the office of Fenian Secretary of War, will be presented before the Congress this party from power. her strong game. She'd snatch an onion bed 4th of September, with a view to having

easy. When they all grew in one clump the Congress, explaining the secret causes of all such articles at their market value in the

NEW SERIES | VOL. 1. NO. 29.

The following is from the New York Eve-

wonder if the nigger don't beat you and plant you first as the next step stone."

We sheared the sheep. We were long at it, for the deacon said shearing sheep on a hot day made him think he was caressing his last wife.

Then we sat under the fence, and while I tied my shoe, I could hear a gurgle about the deacon's mouth. I thought it was his nose preparing to blossom, but it was only eider. preparing to blossom, but it was only cider excel are already almost ruined; and all oth-brandy. ers are threatened. Thus, under the Repub-And we sat there and talked till the noon | lican rule we drift rapidly towards national

notice of the difference in price charged them by the manufacturers here and charged to the foreign consumers by the manufactory in Price in Price in Paris, New York. No. 23... \$9 75

No. 26 ... only one who was intelligent, and so I No. 39 (shuttle)... 55 00

The Paris machines are warranted to be

Our marriage day was fixed. Being an ignorant, Western laborer I was forced to agree to remain a servant in that household ten to remain a servant in that household ten to remain a servant the hang of their notions.

"equal in every respect to the original machines made in this country, as the Paris factory is affirmed to be "fitted up with the very best American tools, and worked by the very best American mechanics." They years, to get the hang of their notions.

I had to learn to use a sickle instead of a reaping machine—to use psalms instead of a are the same tools, worked by the same me-

And I had to work hard all day carting supply of the whole world, by American meapples from other farms for Deacon Bright- chanics, using American water power, burnmean. As Hexa thinks she has got a fellow | equalized in both continents, in a little time,

last, how much a southerner made from a nig-ger, how many duck eggs wold hatch under don't try to make it pleasant for me-she assured that the only reason why a No. 23 a two year old pullet, and when beans were fit to bake. She was one of those higher a great ugly brute—she scolds me till I could than fifteen dollars in currency, costs above almost die-steals my trinkets, cuts up my fifty dollars in New York, is to be found in clothes for rag carpets and whenever she goes | that policy, now announced to be distinctiveto a tea party she tells folks what a mean cuss ly the Republican policy, which under the I am, and what a sweet intelligent angel she | name of protection imposes numerous duties on iron and other metals, and thus makes it Some day I'll quit on Hexa-we'll go impossible for our skilled mechanics to make through that old cider brandy mill and leave sewing machines, or mowing machines, or crawled in beside the deacen-front side. for the West where I can see daylight with- build ships or engines, in competition with Their bed room door was always shut by out being obliged to look straight up, and foreign nations. So oppressive and ruineus particular request of Hexa. She knew why where I can find some one better natured, if is this policy, that it has already begun to

For, the sewing machine is not a solitary instance of the tendencies of the tariff, and er's hands, eat candy and taste of each other's lips. I didn't like to have her do this. ly thine, "BRICK" POMEROY. its certain effect to drive manufacturers out of the country. The mowers and reapers are going the same way. We heard of an instance in point the other day. A merchant from Brazil had occasion to purchase a large somebody squeal inside. The end of the the wire was wet when I pulled it back. The deacon's wife lost something that night! And so did Hexa! Her mether died before morning from the effect of that playful, puritanical jab! That wire cured the key hole to have the remainder built there, without the impositions of the American tariff. If he can make a saving anything like that effeeted in the case of the sewing machine, he will save a small fortune by his enterprise. We may be sure that a countless number of enterprises will follow in the same direction. The iniquity of a protective tariff will presently become apparent to our sewing women, who have to give above one hundred dollars for a machine which the seamstress in Paris buys for fourteen dollars in gold, or about twenty-two in our currency; because it will be found that the latter, having so much less to invest in her machine, will easily underbid the former in the price of her work, and our market will be filled with ready-made articles from Paris. It will even pay to send materials of American production to be made up in Paris, by American machines made in Paris. Step by step these fatal injuries must extend to every branch of American induscidences sometimes happen in this wicked try, if the workingmen of America do not combine to deprive the Republican party of power-that party which attempted in the Congress just adjourned to impose upon the country a tariff still more ruinous to our industry, who did this, as was proved at the time, with the most corrupt motives, and whose only object now is to keep the southter than other men, and she finally gave him the mitten. One evening after this, thinking his time to get even had arrived, he mine was more than hern. But it wan't.

Our people could pay, twice over, by open, taxation, all the revenue that the government derives from duties on materials and subsistence, if they were allowed to purchase ere they are most cheaply made